

which is merely "the latest design."

So it is not astonishing that the girl who works for a moderate salary grows bewildered and discouraged and sends me questions like this:

"Dear Mrs. Gibson — I wish you would tell me the best way to dress on a limited salary. I am 20 years old and as pretty and popular as the average girl, that is, I go out a good deal.

"I have been earning my own money three years and I have tried spending it for dress in this, that and the other way, but I never seem to get the right things.

"Please do not pass this letter over as trivial.—Barbara."

Clothes can hardly be called a trivial consideration with any woman. Even those who try "to live above" them are nevertheless bored to death by them.

And women who frankly "just love clothes" give all their thought, time, energy and money to them. Nevertheless, very few arrive at a stable philosophy of dress.

Like Barbara, they try "this, that and the other" and achieve nothing in proportion to their expenditure. For one successful gown, every woman can confess to two or three others which are "perfect failures."

This striving and confusion and disappointment are typical of the general unrest of woman today. Any failure is usually due to the lack of a well-defined purpose.

If Barbara would acquire a reliable working theory of dress let her put a few plain questions to herself:

Is Barbara vain? Are clothes the paramount issue of her thinking, the very purpose of her existence, the one big reason why she works for wages?

Then she will probably never discover any way of dressing satisfactorily on any income, limited or unlimited?

Is Barbara shallow? Is dress merely a diversion, or perhaps a dissipa-

tion like the theater or a grill room supper?

If so, she will be much in the condition of the gambler, the glass of fashion today, a thing of shreds and patches tomorrow.

Is Barbara practical? Are her garments, like food and the daily bath, only an item necessary to her comfort and efficiency?

A sane answer to this question will reduce her problem to the minimum.

Or is Barbara bound to find her mate? Are her clothes an advertisement of herself, her manner of attracting and keeping the attention of men?

Then she will have a freakish wardrobe which is just as apt to call down man's criticism and ridicule as his approving smile.

Such questions simplify Barbara's problem. When she goes to shop she has but to decide if the things she buys is an expression of herself or of somebody else, perhaps of the saleswoman or of a middle-aged man designer a thousand miles away.

For nothing she can do or say expresses a girl's character and individuality so completely as the things she wears. Even a virtue—self sacrifice, for instance—is often betrayed by a hat two seasons old.

And when a woman complains that her gowns are all failures, it must be that she has neither ambitions nor emotions to express!

TODAY'S TESTED RECIPE

By Caroline Coe

Flemish Soup—Two cups of minced parsley, 4 cups of diced potato and 1 cup of minced onion. Put all in sauce pan and add 2 quarts of cold water and set over fire to boil. When the vegetables are very soft rub all through a colander and turn into pan. Add 1 even teaspoonful of salt and curry powder to suit taste.

Whip 1 pint of cream in a pitcher, add slowly to soup stirring constantly. Serve at once with fried bread crumbs in each serving.